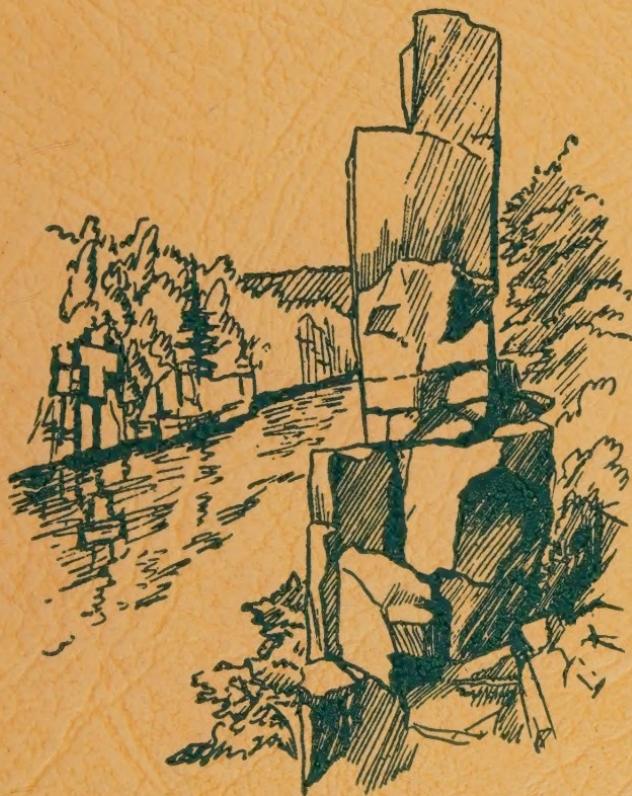


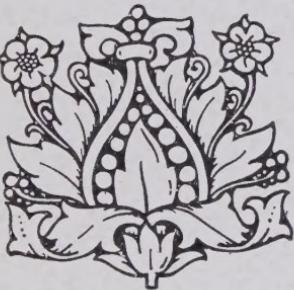
**VALLEY OF ST. CROIX  
AND  
OTHER POEMS**



**By Teresa Kelly O'Reilly**



Valley of St. Croix  
and  
Other Poems



By Teresa Kelly O'Reilly

Author of

Poems For Pastime

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To the memory of the pioneers, W. H. C. Fol-  
som, John Weymouth, Richard Lillis, Michael  
Kelly and others, also to a descendant of the  
first inhabitants of the Valley, the Reverend  
Philip Gordon, I reverently dedicate this book.

—Teresa Kelly O'Reilly



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*Teresa Kelly O'Reilly*



Drawn from life by Rose M. Lyon



REV. PHILIP GORDON

**Chippewa Indian Priest**

# FOREWORD

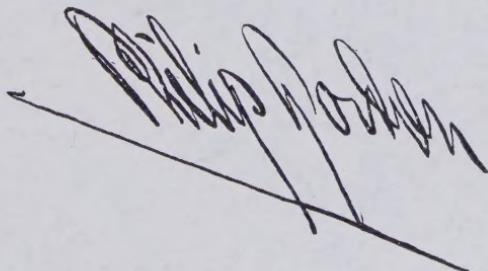
The Valley of the St. Croix is historic. Three distinct epochs mark the unwritten and written chronicles of this lovely series of vales and hills that mark the course of the Grande Riviere of the olden explorers and fur-traders. First the picturesque Indians, Nature's noblemen.

Then came the early pioneers and now the present third or fourth generation of the first settlers with modernity in all its hectic phases.

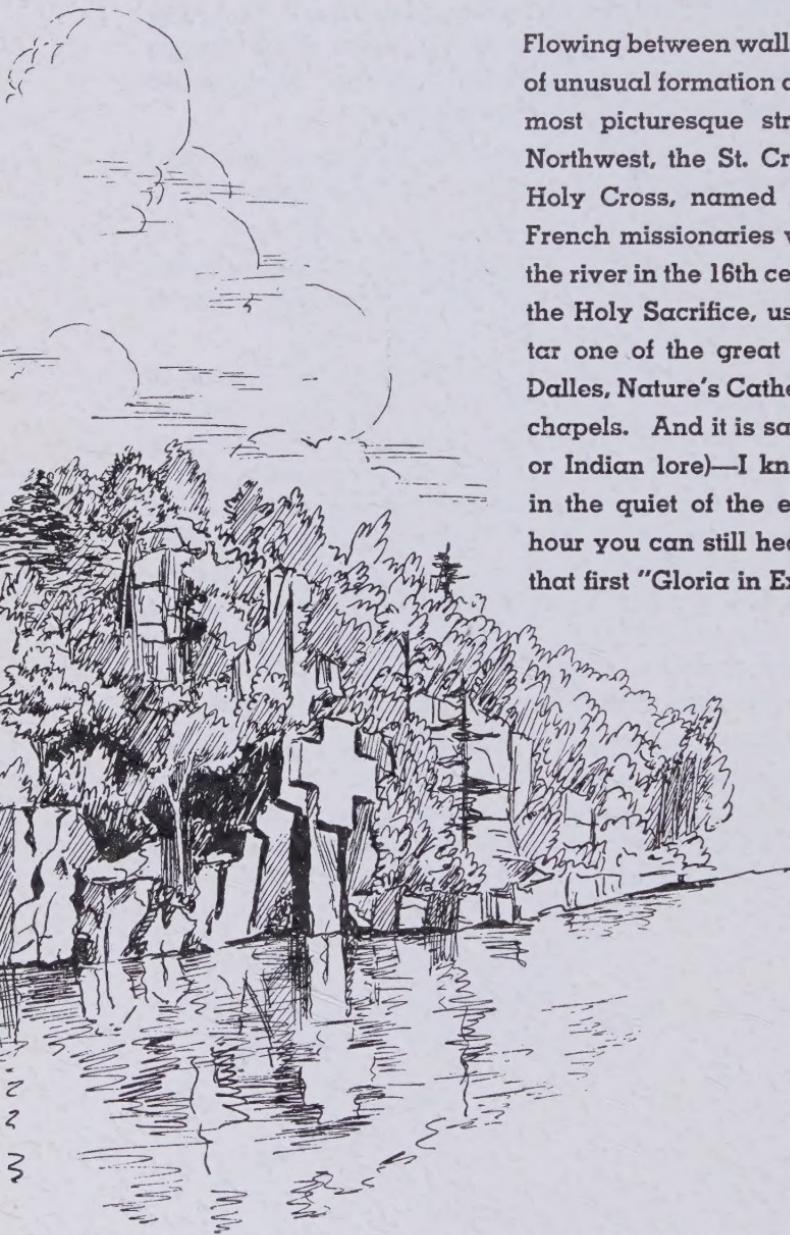
Gone are the Indians and fast passing the old colonists whose memory is in a measure preserved in the verses of this book of poems.

To the Chippewa Indians who long held possession of the valley of the St. Croix and to the earlier Sioux Indians, the Falls of this beautiful river is especially reminiscent of murmuring waters and dark pine forests and sparkling lakes and streams. Here too, fierce fighting between warring tribes took place. Commercial lumbering followed the disappearance of the Indians with the crash of the mighty line and the splashing lumberjack. The first settlers tell many a tale of hardship and struggle. And now again the valley settles down to the everyday routine of a contented life—the toiling farmer or the quiet drowsy days of the summer visitor.

As a lineal descendant of the first inhabitants of the valley, the undersigned wishes everything good to come from the publication of the poems recalling for a brief moment some high-points taken from the varied history of the friendly valley of the St. Croix.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Philip Johnson", is positioned above a diagonal line. The signature is fluid and cursive, with the name "Johnson" being more prominent.

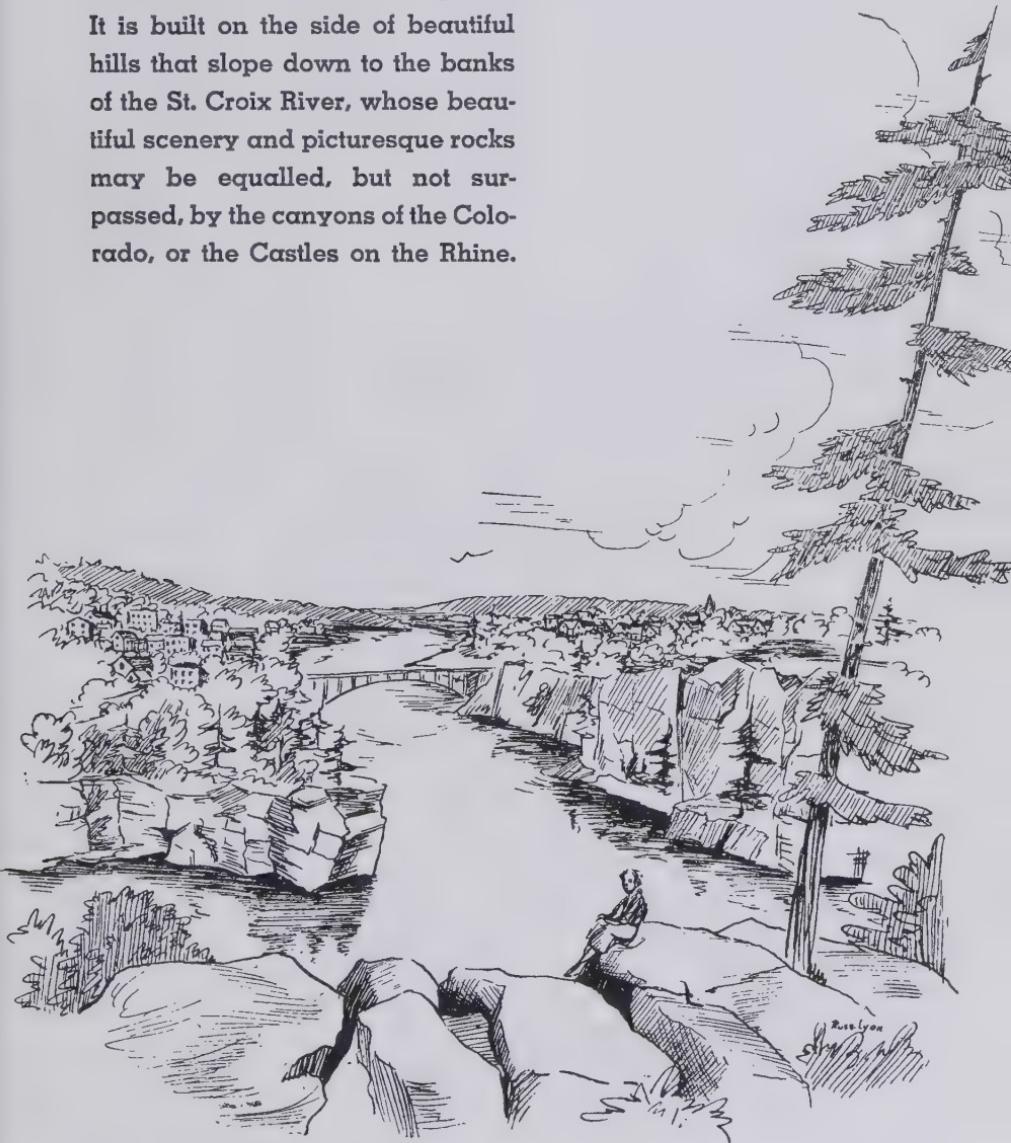
# DALLES OF THE



Flowing between walls of solid rock of unusual formation and one of the most picturesque streams of the Northwest, the St. Croix, meaning Holy Cross, named by the early French missionaries who came up the river in the 16th century, offered the Holy Sacrifice, using as an altar one of the great stones of the Dalles, Nature's Cathedral of many chapels. And it is said—(mythical or Indian lore)—I know not, "that in the quiet of the early morning hour you can still hear the echo of that first "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

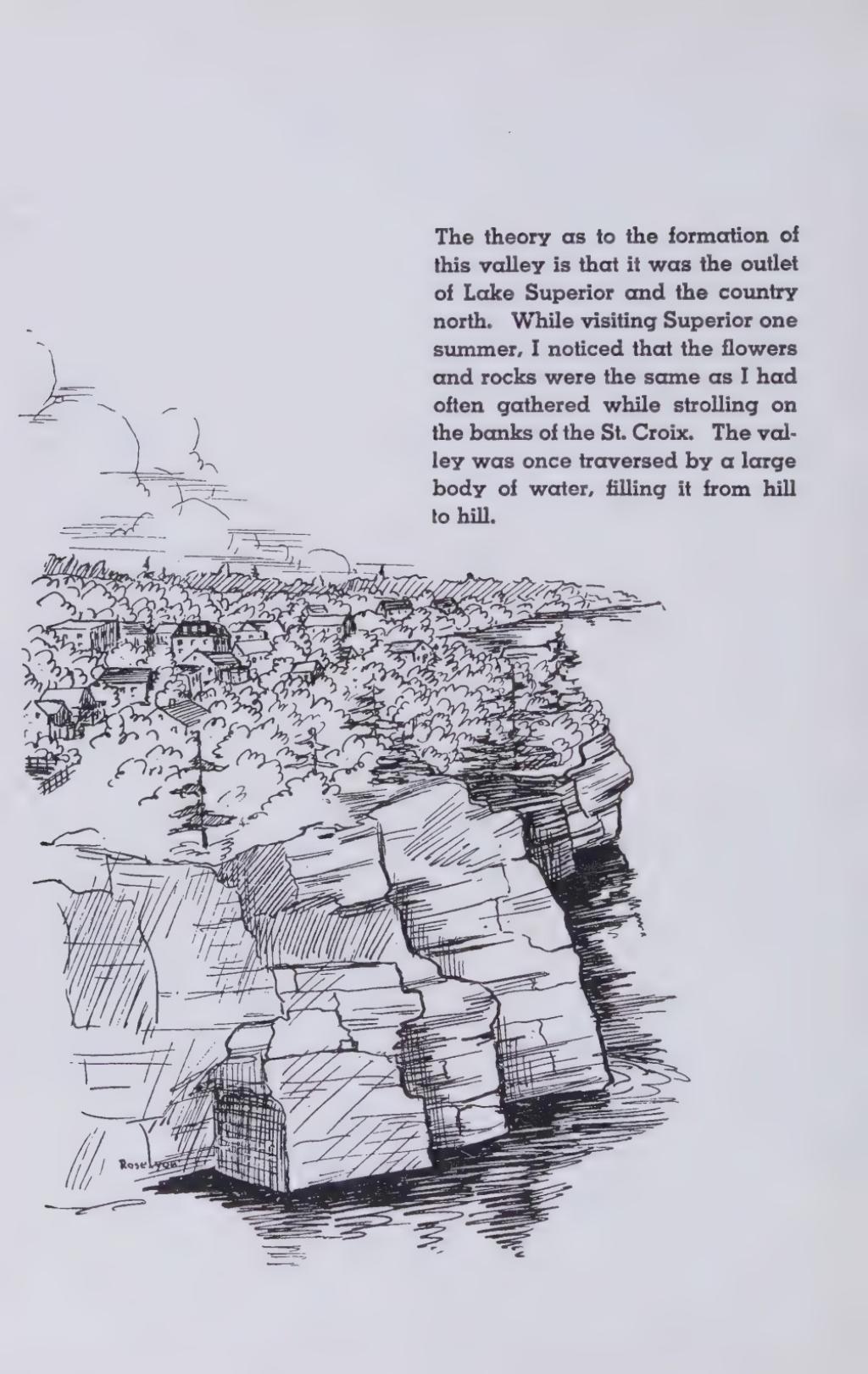
# BEAUTIFUL ST. CROIX

In my home state, dear Wisconsin, is a city that is like a poem. It is built on the side of beautiful hills that slope down to the banks of the St. Croix River, whose beautiful scenery and picturesque rocks may be equalled, but not surpassed, by the canyons of the Colorado, or the Castles on the Rhine.



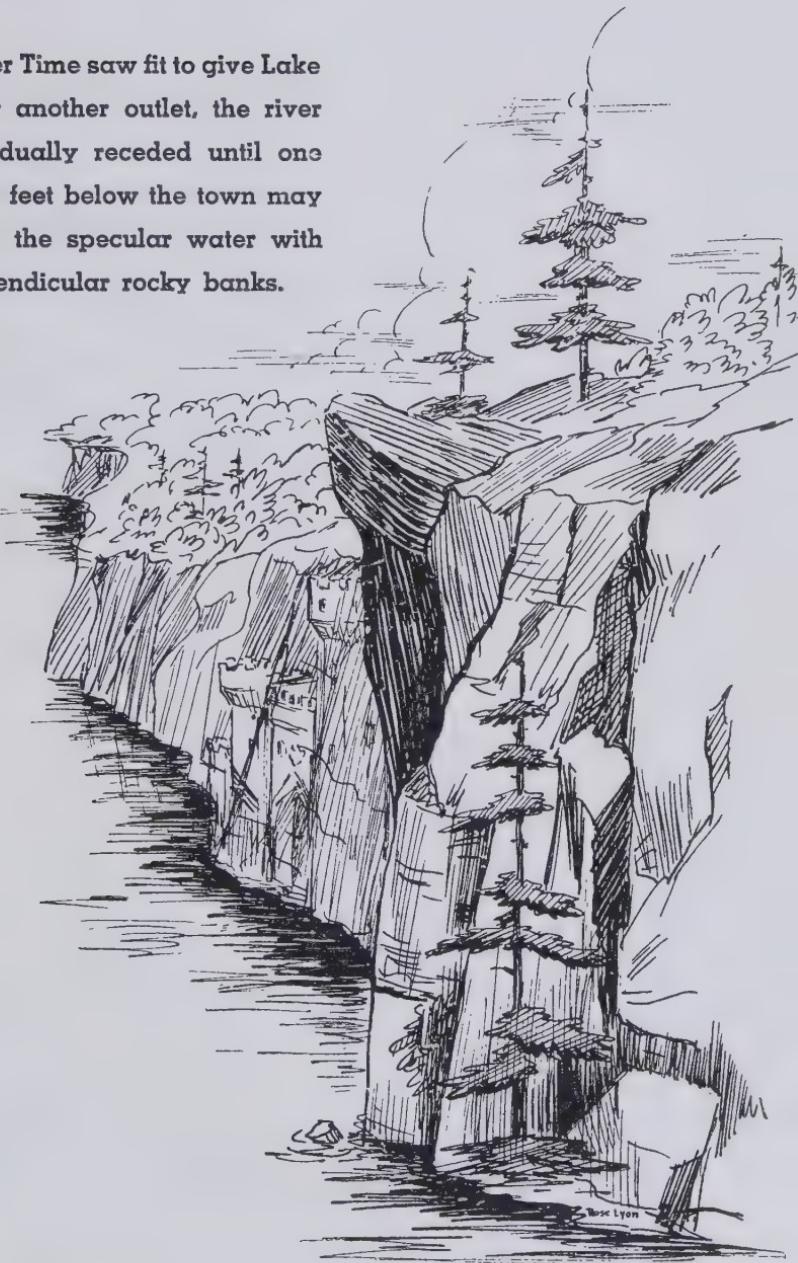
Taylors Falls, Minn.

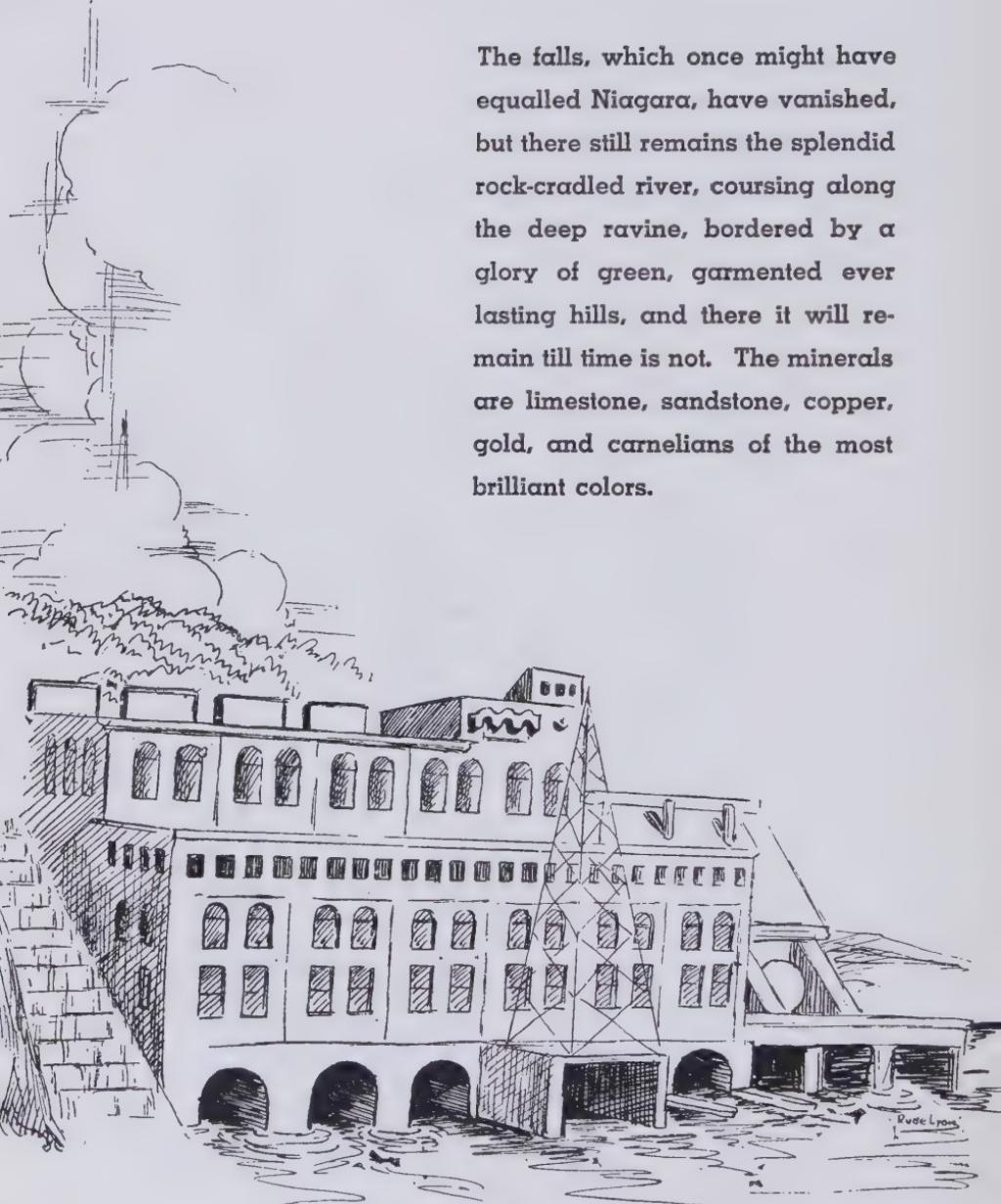
St. Croix Falls, Wis.



The theory as to the formation of this valley is that it was the outlet of Lake Superior and the country north. While visiting Superior one summer, I noticed that the flowers and rocks were the same as I had often gathered while strolling on the banks of the St. Croix. The valley was once traversed by a large body of water, filling it from hill to hill.

As Father Time saw fit to give Lake Superior another outlet, the river has gradually receded until one hundred feet below the town may be seen the specular water with its perpendicular rocky banks.



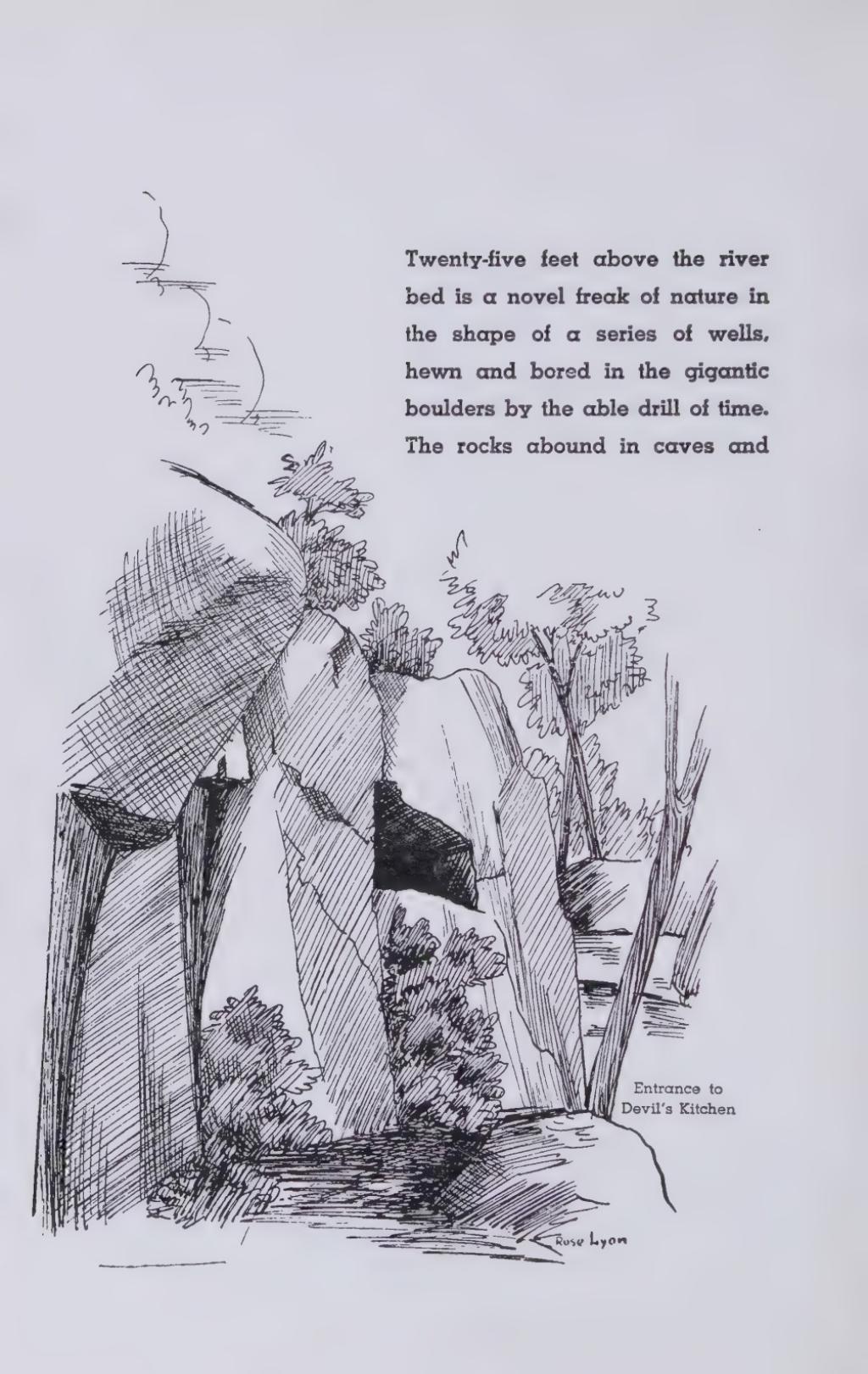


The falls, which once might have equalled Niagara, have vanished, but there still remains the splendid rock-cradled river, coursing along the deep ravine, bordered by a glory of green, garmented ever lasting hills, and there it will remain till time is not. The minerals are limestone, sandstone, copper, gold, and carnelians of the most brilliant colors.

Power House, St. Croix Falls, Wis.

Trout, bass, shiners, sturgeon, sun-fish, pike, and pickerel are found in the river and surrounding lakes. Eleven miles above the falls is Nevers Dam and eight miles below the town, situated near the cascade, are the celebrated Osceola Mineral Springs.





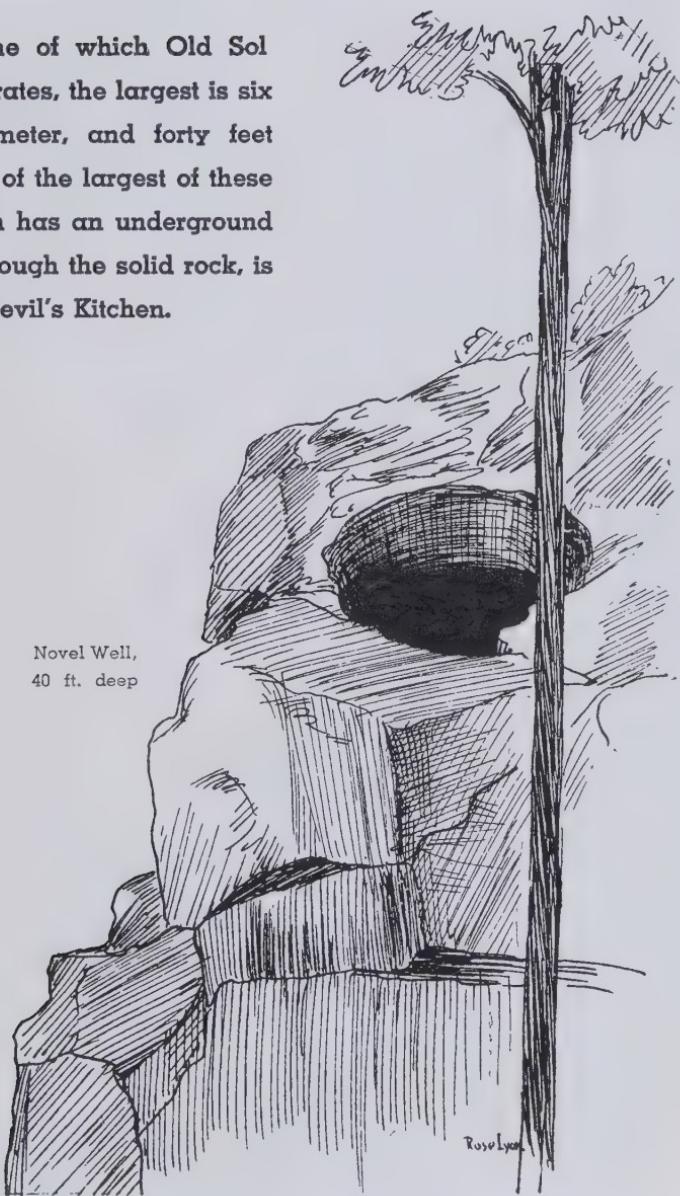
Twenty-five feet above the river bed is a novel freak of nature in the shape of a series of wells, hewn and bored in the gigantic boulders by the able drill of time. The rocks abound in caves and

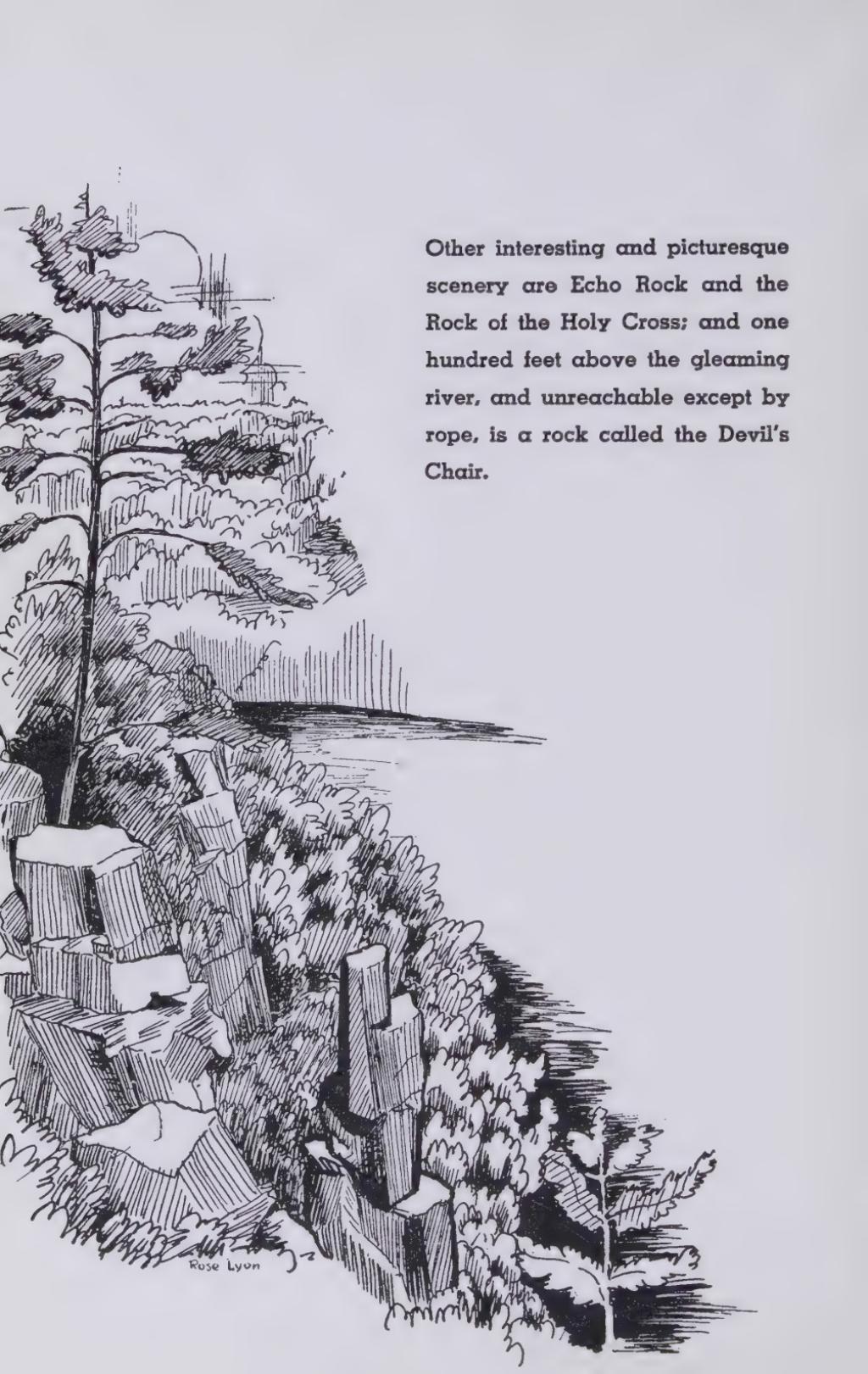
Entrance to  
Devil's Kitchen

Rose Lyon

grottos, some of which Old Sol never penetrates, the largest is six feet in diameter, and forty feet deep. One of the largest of these wells, which has an underground entrance through the solid rock, is called the Devil's Kitchen.

Novel Well,  
40 ft. deep





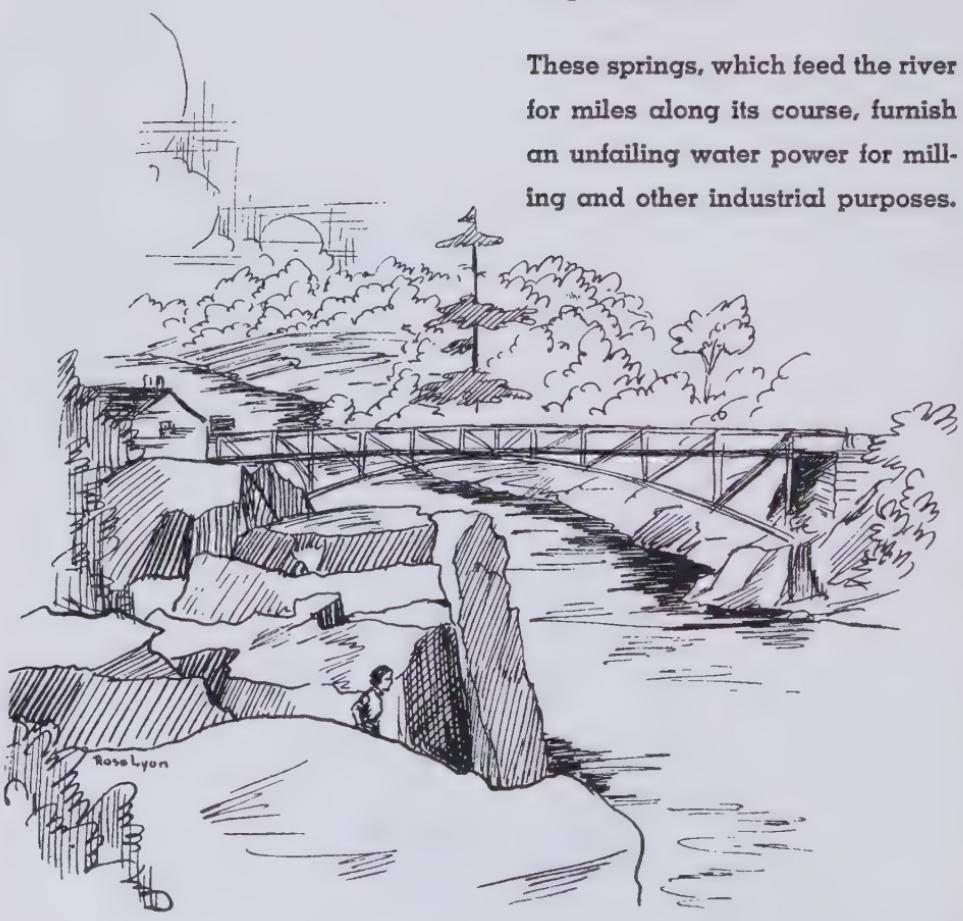
Other interesting and picturesque scenery are Echo Rock and the Rock of the Holy Cross; and one hundred feet above the gleaming river, and unreachable except by rope, is a rock called the Devil's Chair.

Across the river on the Wisconsin side, keeping guard, is the Old Man of the Dalles, which looks as if some giant or titan had sculptured his likeness in the solid rock.

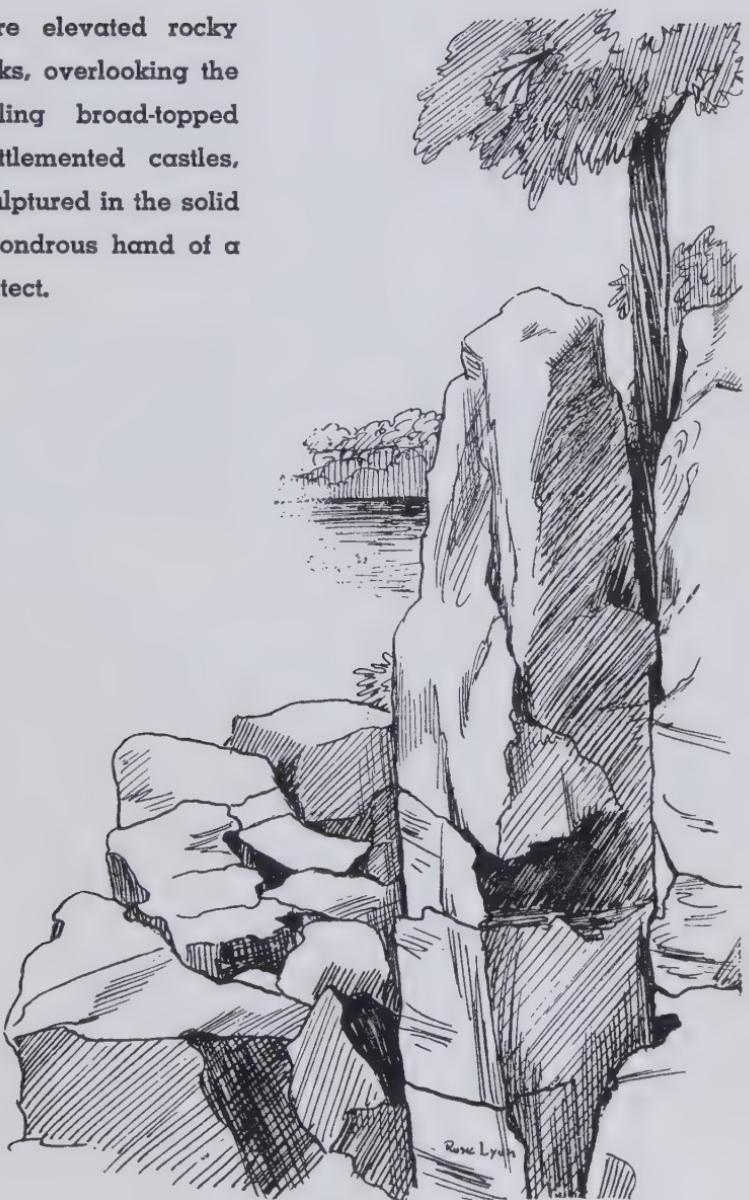


From the toll bridge to where the High School stands is a pleasant walk in summer, crossing the street at numerous intervals, are animated little creeks, which come babbling down the hillside on their way to the river.

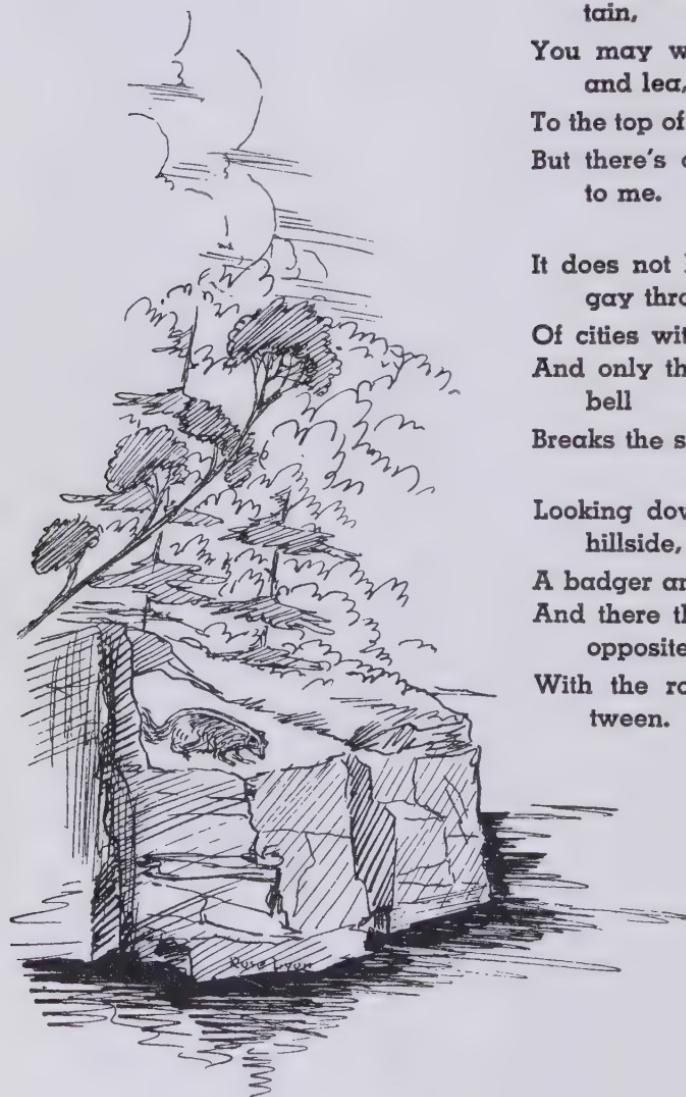
These springs, which feed the river for miles along its course, furnish an unfailing water power for milling and other industrial purposes.



Everywhere are elevated rocky verdurous banks, overlooking the river, resembling broad-topped towers or battlemented castles, reared and sculptured in the solid rock by the wondrous hand of a Supreme Architect.



# THE VALLEY OF



You may travel by rill and fountain,

You may wander o'er moorland and lea,

To the top of the highest mountain,  
But there's one place that's dear  
to me.

It does not belong to the world's gay throng

Of cities with lights so bright,  
And only the knell of the curfew bell

Breaks the stillness of the night.

Looking down from the beautiful hillside,

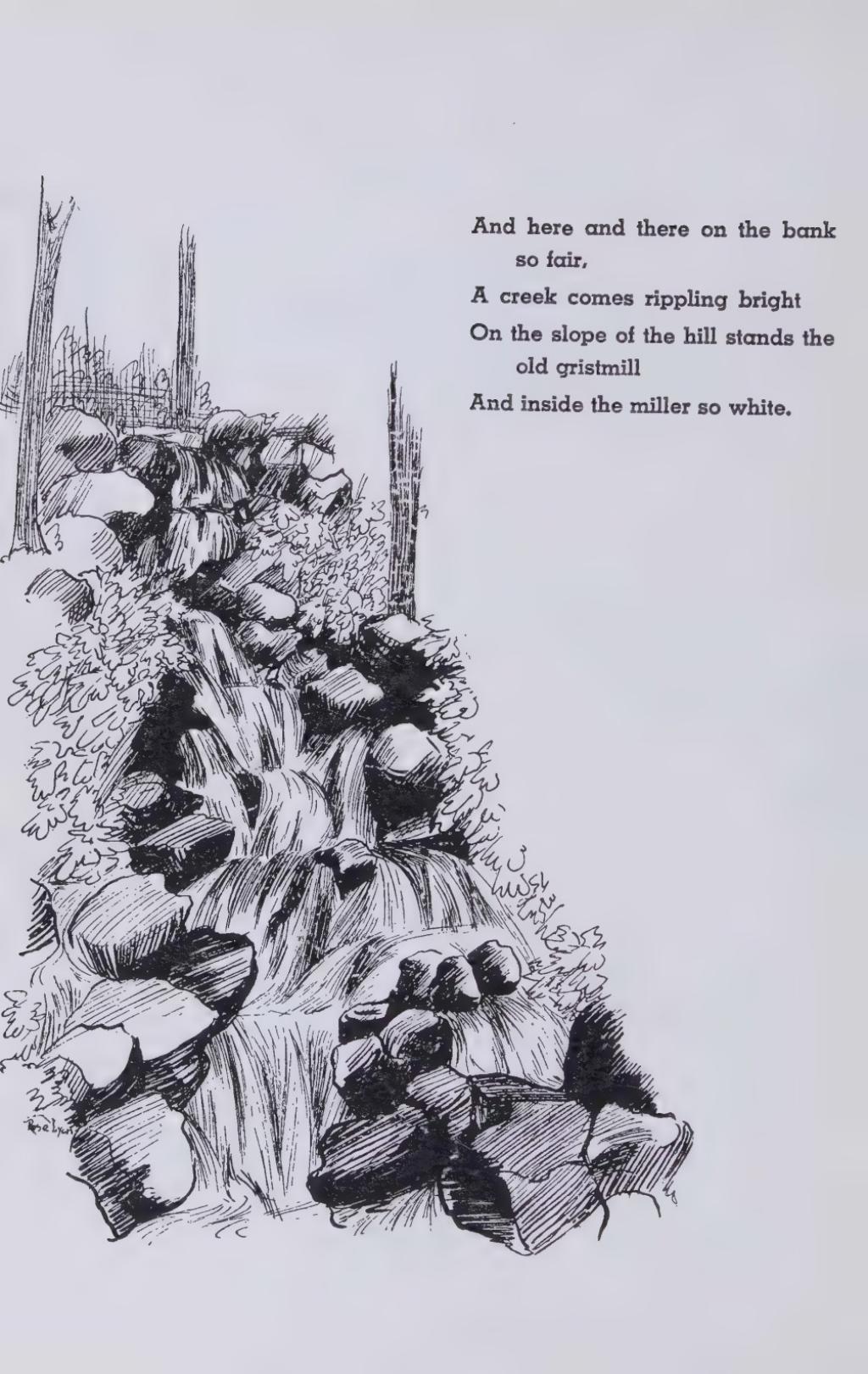
A badger and gopher are seen;  
And there they will stand on the opposite strand

With the rock cradled river between.

# THE ST. CROIX



Rose Lyon



And here and there on the bank  
so fair,  
A creek comes rippling bright  
On the slope of the hill stands the  
old gristmill  
And inside the miller so white.

From the old bay state to the golden  
gate,

You'll find nothing in nature more  
rare,

As those natural wells in the rocks  
of the Dalles

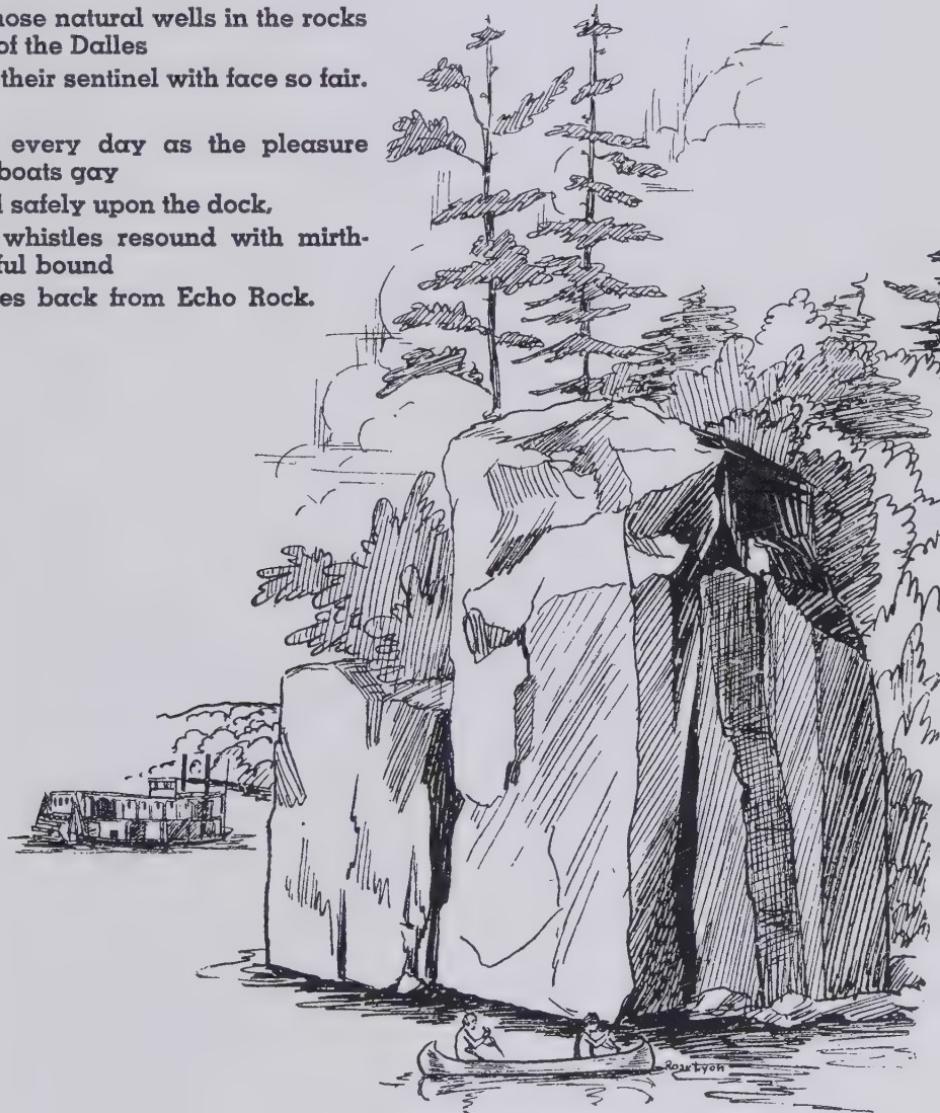
And their sentinel with face so fair.

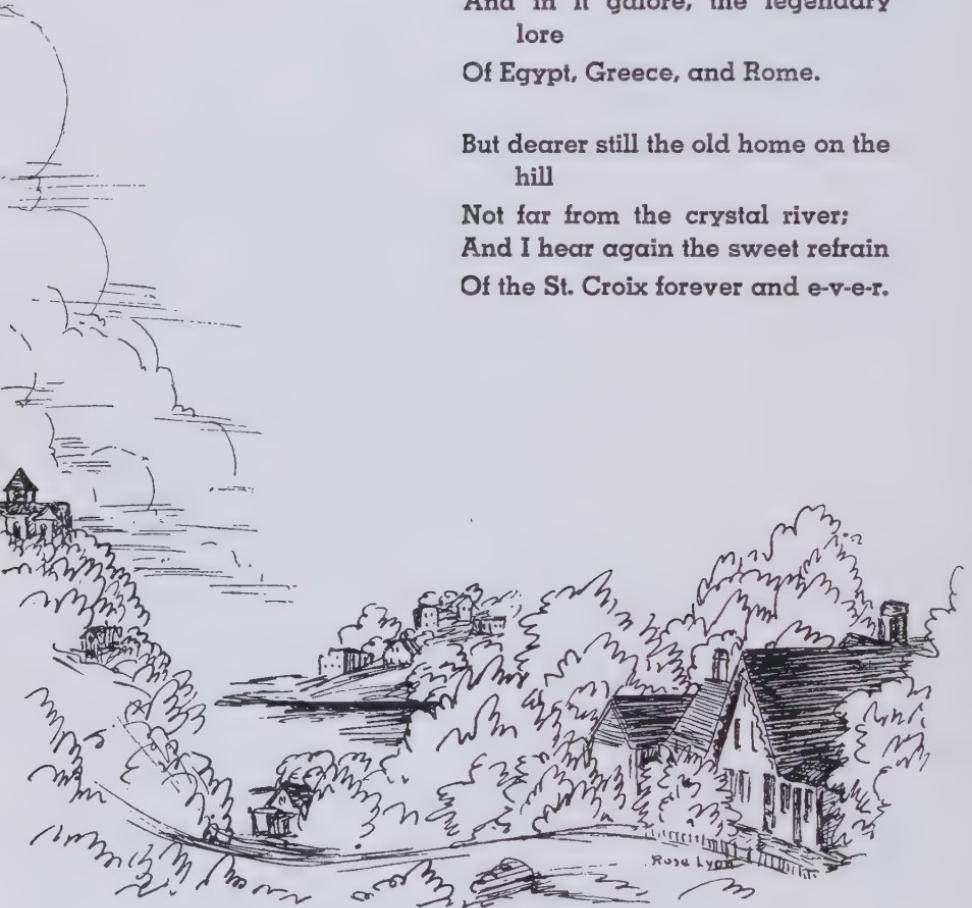
And every day as the pleasure  
boats gay

Land safely upon the dock.

The whistles resound with mirth-  
ful bound

Comes back from Echo Rock.





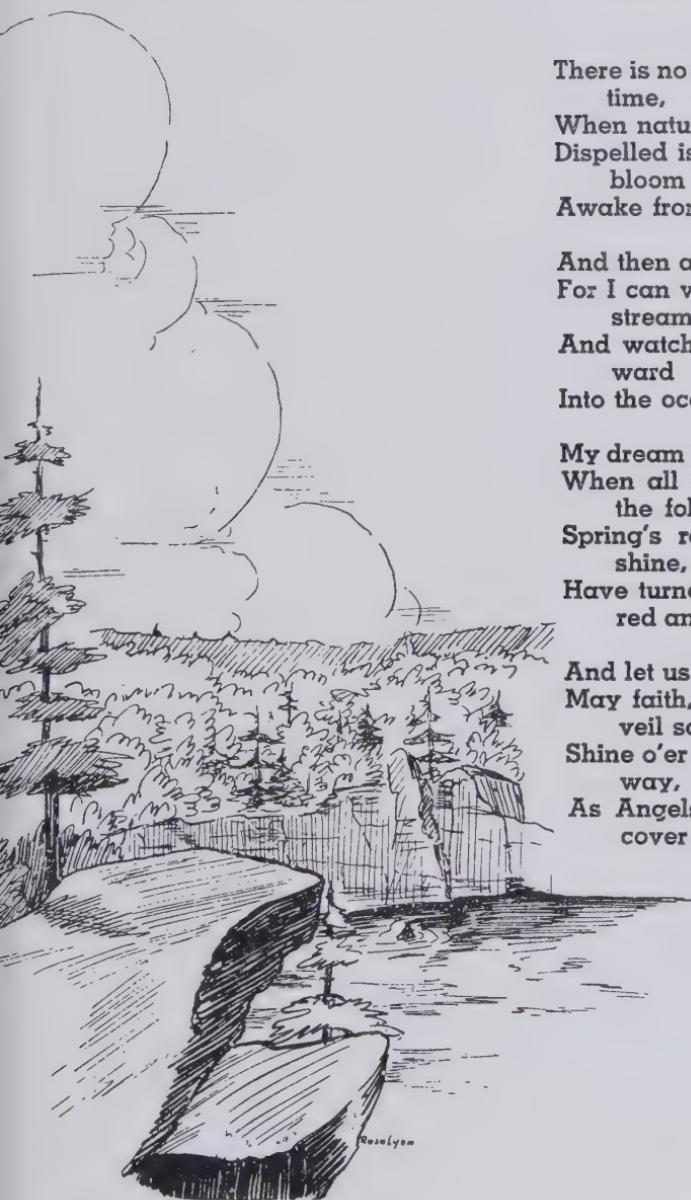
Yes, dear to me, and will ever be  
The school with its belfry dome;  
And in it galore, the legendary  
lore

Of Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

But dearer still the old home on the  
hill

Not far from the crystal river;  
And I hear again the sweet refrain  
Of the St. Croix forever and e-v-e-r.

# The Seasons On The St. Croix



There is no time so great as spring-time,  
When nature dons its best;  
Dispelled is gloom when bird and bloom  
Awake from night's long rest.

And then again I like the summer,  
For I can wander there beside the stream,  
And watch the water rippling onward  
Into the ocean of my dream.

My dream of harvest in the autumn  
When all is gathered safe within the fold;  
Spring's raindrops, summer sunshine, autumn magic  
Have turned the hills and trees to red and gold.

And let us not forget the winter;  
May faith, good works, the bridal veil so bright,  
Shine o'er us at the heavenly gateway,  
As Angels shed their wings and cover earth with white.

# Logging On The



Here you could have seen the  
mighty oak and pine  
Once majestic, lifting their heads  
aloft to pray,  
Log jamming in the sun their bark-  
less spine  
To the mercy of a tireless river's  
spray.

And the rocks and hills re-echo  
what the trees already spoke,  
Thro' that valley where once the  
peaceful Indian trod;  
Woodman's axe fulfilled the plans  
for the pine tree and the oak,  
And still they grow and lift a prayer  
to God.

# St. Croix River



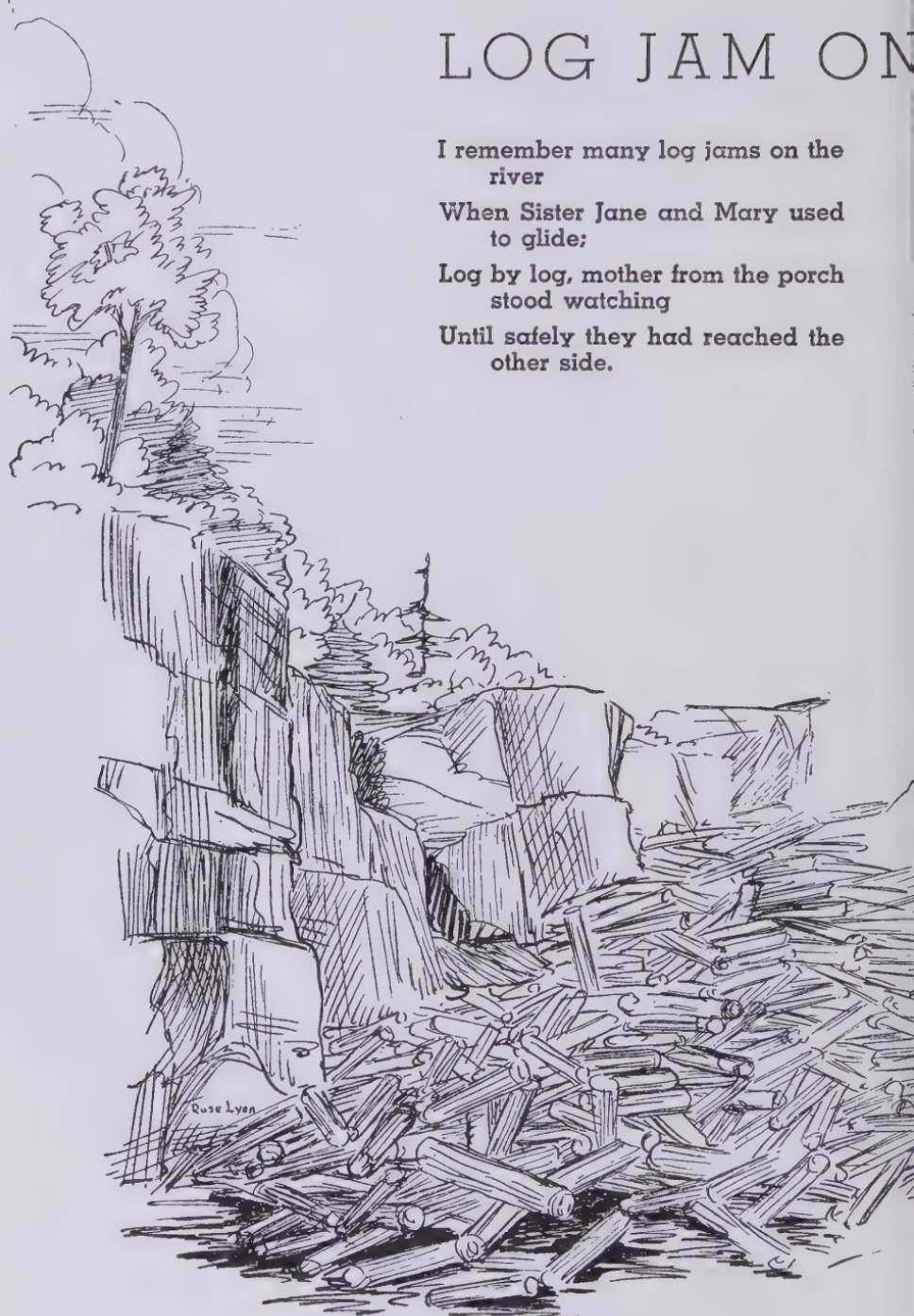
# LOG JAM ON

I remember many log jams on the river

When Sister Jane and Mary used to glide;

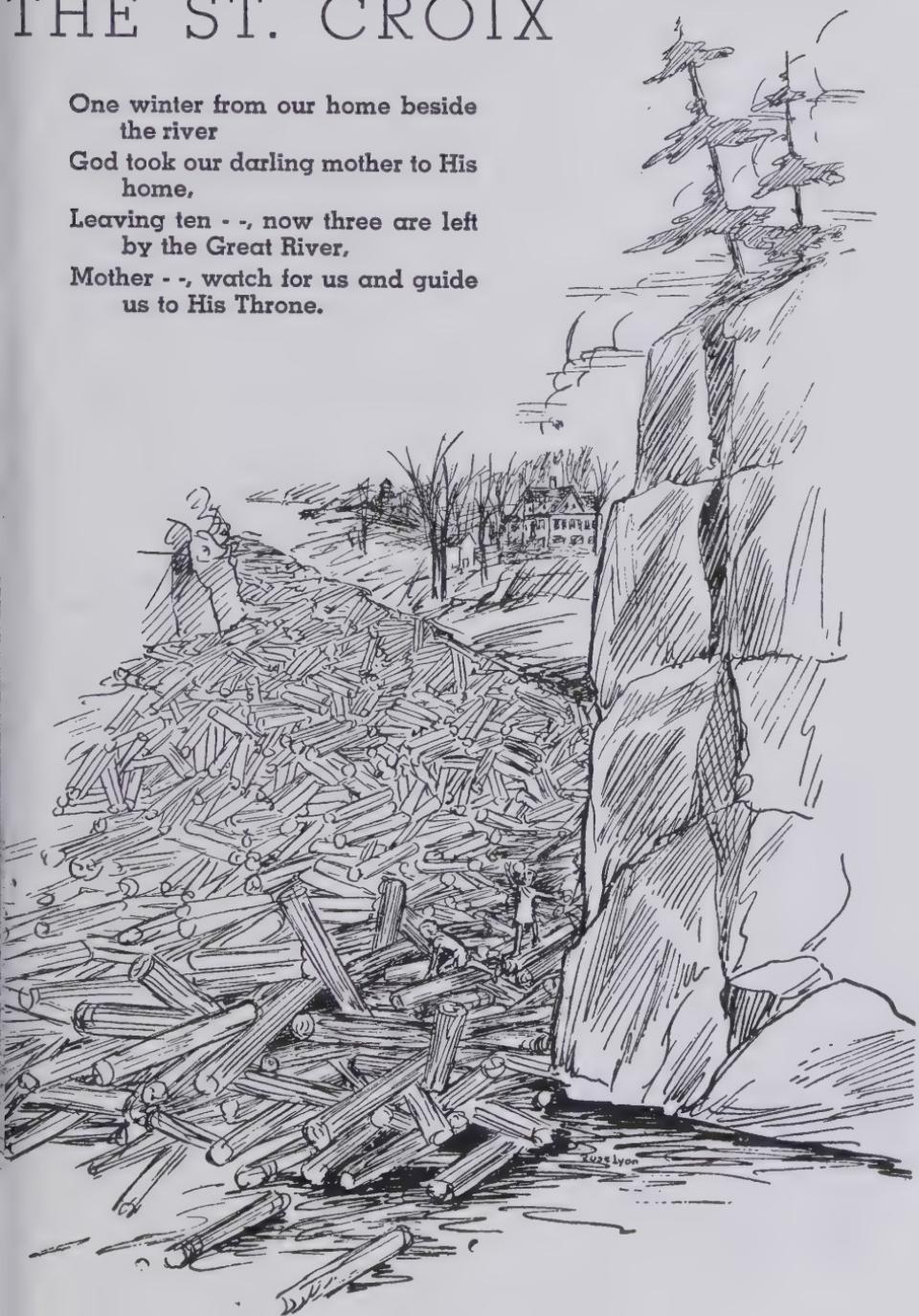
Log by log, mother from the porch stood watching

Until safely they had reached the other side.



# THE ST. CROIX

One winter from our home beside  
the river  
God took our darling mother to His  
home,  
Leaving ten --, now three are left  
by the Great River,  
Mother --, watch for us and guide  
us to His Throne.



# THE BURNING LOG

The golden sun was setting  
One evening in October;  
Outside the clouds seemed set with  
burnished gold;

The leaves and trees and hedges  
Were the same, but Oh! so sober,  
Deserted by the birds whose feet  
were cold.

"Where were they," do you ask  
me?

I will tell you while their song my  
heart doth charm,  
They were just outside my window,  
On the ivy o'er the fireplace,  
Twittering, nestling near the bricks  
their feet to warm.

Heaven's minstrels never spinning,  
only singing

God's message of joy and peace to  
earth;

And I am thankful, Lord, for giving  
Grace and health, yea Lord for  
living,

As I place another log upon the  
hearth.



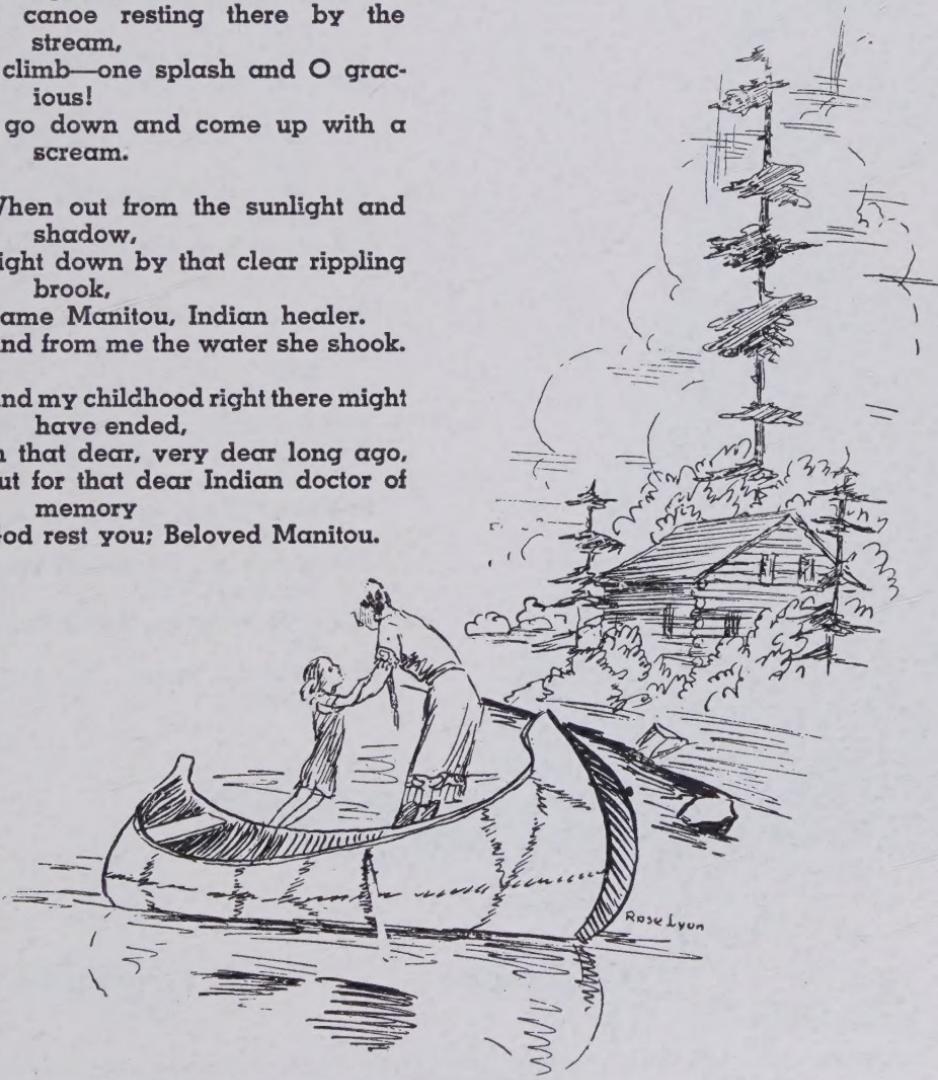
# MANITOU

I am sitting alone in my study,  
And my thoughts wander back o'er  
the times,  
To a little log home in Wisconsin,  
And a brook rippling under the  
pines.

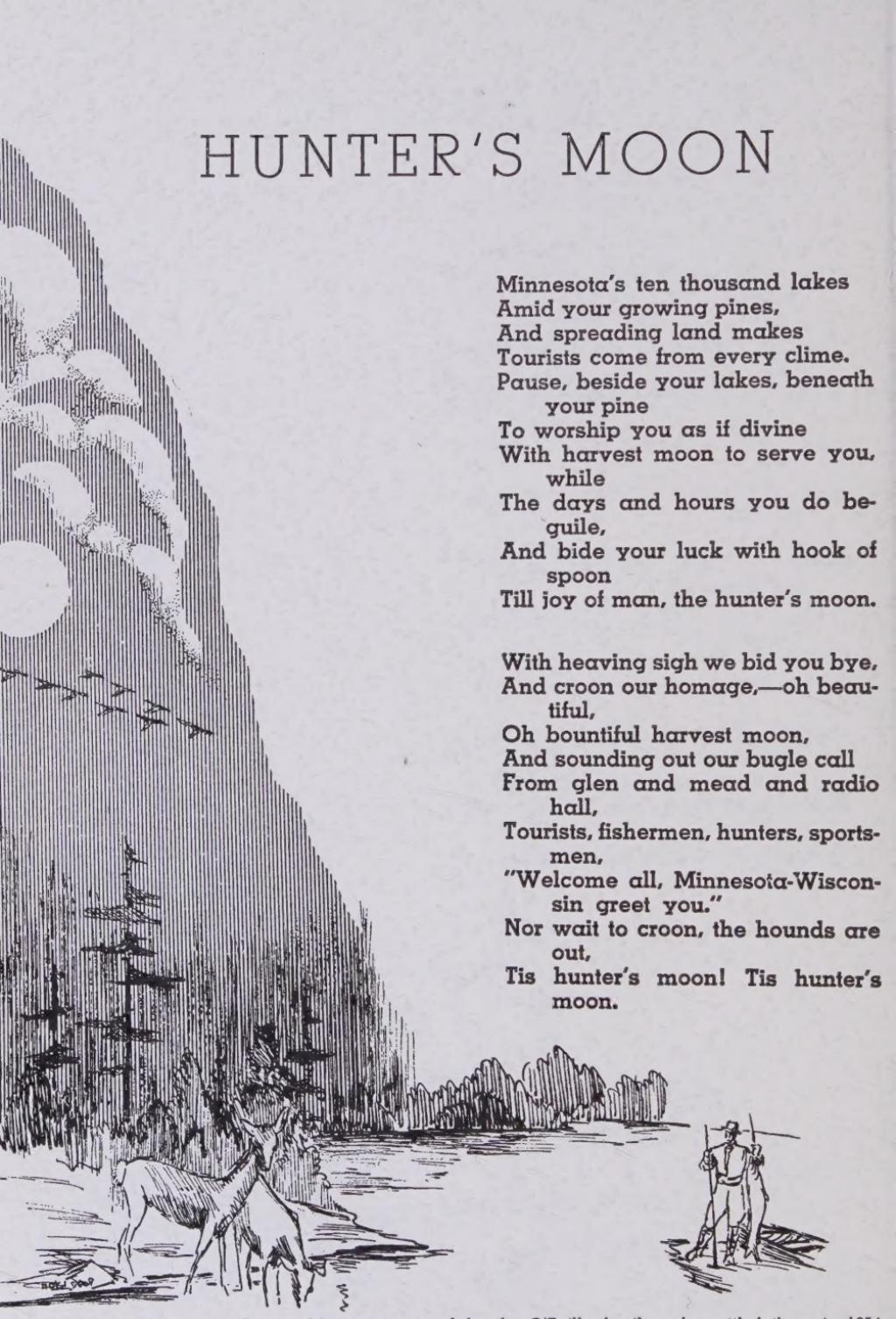
The trout swimming shy in the sun-  
light,  
A canoe resting there by the  
stream,  
I climb—one splash and O grac-  
ious!  
I go down and come up with a  
scream.

When out from the sunlight and  
shadow,  
Right down by that clear rippling  
brook,  
Came Manitou, Indian healer.  
And from me the water she shook.

And my childhood right there might  
have ended,  
In that dear, very dear long ago,  
But for that dear Indian doctor of  
memory  
God rest you; Beloved Manitou.



# HUNTER'S MOON



Minnesota's ten thousand lakes  
Amid your growing pines,  
And spreading land makes  
Tourists come from every clime.  
Pause, beside your lakes, beneath  
your pine  
To worship you as if divine  
With harvest moon to serve you,  
while  
The days and hours you do be-  
guile,  
And bide your luck with hook or  
spoon  
Till joy of man, the hunter's moon.

With heaving sigh we bid you bye,  
And croon our homage,—oh beau-  
tiful,  
Oh bountiful harvest moon,  
And sounding out our bugle call  
From glen and mead and radio  
hall,  
Tourists, fishermen, hunters, sports-  
men,  
"Welcome all, Minnesota-Wiscon-  
sin greet you."  
Nor wait to croon, the hounds are  
out,  
Tis hunter's moon! Tis hunter's  
moon.



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